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THE PEOPLE'S OWN.
Stay-at-home Park last evening was a most eloquent protest against the action which for so much of this Summer has barred the people out from the cool, green retreat.

Last evening they were there, and the quiet, orderly crowd of men, women and children, for the park is a little paradise for children, sat about on the benches or walked through the gravelled paths, their faces bright with content.

What a shame it would have been to have let this green breathing spot for the hot and tired people be tightly shut up during the Summer months, useless and irritating. Such a course would be absolute stultification, because it would nullify every end of a park.

Not even the aristocrats who dwell in the immediate neighborhood of Stay-at-home Park would have the satisfaction of looking at it, for they are out of town at noon, gay watering-places. The casual passer-by who would be a stranger in the city might have asked: "What is the park for?" And the answer would have been: "For nothing."

Last night anybody who saw the neat, happy Sunday gathering in the cool, quiet park would not have needed to ask any question. The park is the people's, and the people had it last night.

INCENTIVES TO VAMPIRES.

In Bavaria the graveyard keepers have lately been detected pilfering graves. There is no more revolting theft than matching a corpse from the grave, stripping it of all that is worth anything, and perhaps carrying the body to a dissecting room, to be carved up for an embryo physician.

What can stir the feelings of relatives more than the thought that voracious phobias should dare to wrest tenderly loved ones from the bosom of the earth where they sleep in the long solemn slumber of death?

But it is almost to encourage these mercenary graveyard thieves to consign a corpse to the earth with jewels, or rich clothes, or other articles of value about their persons. Sometimes an object to which the deceased was greatly attached is buried with him, and this may pass. But to make the casket of the dead a jewel casket is to encourage the grave robber.

Such a proceeding is unreasonable and should be discouraged.

Pittsburg policemen have been indulging in indiscriminate slaughter of dogs. They expected 50 cents a head for every dog they killed, and they consequently killed all they could. The dogs might be tied up in a back yard or held in leash by a little girl or sitting in a window of a house. It mattered not. The "copper" saw 50 cents in his corpse and killed him. Over a thousand dogs, many of them valuable animals, were killed before the "coppers" were restrained. Nice policemen in Pittsburg.

An elephant, two camels and five horses were recently stolen from a circus. It seems a little odd that an elephant could be quietly stolen, and it would be still more strange if the thief could conceal the bulky creature after he was stolen. No elephant could be carried about in a waistcoat pocket nor tucked away in the back of a bureau drawer.

Prince George isn't coming to Newport because, somebody says, he couldn't very well visit an American port after not visiting Newfoundland. Another somebody says George heard they would just dinner him to death in Newport, and wanted to die some other way. But the fact, the mournful fact is, that George isn't coming.

The Argentine Republic has wished through a revolution in double quick time. A South American government, whether monarchial or democratic, seems to have a bias toward violent change.

An old lady has gone for one hundred and twenty days without food or drink. It seems safe to predict that there will be one old lady less in some neighborhood very soon.

A Cranberry Trust? What next? Is there anything in the world that can't be trusted?

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

"Edie" Nelson is known as one of the liveliest characters in the Danvers bowling Club. He is a good man with the car. He is a good man with the car. He is a good man with the car.

Jack Gorman, known as the clever 125-pound champion amateur boxer of the Star Athletic Club, is a good man with the car. He is a good man with the car. He is a good man with the car.

William Dixon has been showing good spirit-ability lately and trainer Jim Johnston believes he can push him into the front ranks of the Manhattan short distance men. He is a good man with the car. He is a good man with the car. He is a good man with the car.

George Schneider is constant in his attentions to the Harlem River, and can be seen almost daily parsing his compliments to that noble stream in a simple sail. He will do more racing in the future than he has yet done.

THE WAYS OF WOMEN FAIR.

Do you want some sound suggestions on the promotion and preservation of beauty? Well, eat fruits three times a day; prefer vegetables, eggs and soups to meat and bread; drink water in wholesale quantities, but not one drop of ice water; spend an hour at each meal, and if possible take a nap after dinner; make a medicine of water for internal and external application and use laudanum as a laxative. In olden times and toasts were prescribed for sick headache and bilious attacks; now wise women drink water for a day at intervals of two hours. Sleep eight hours at night and as many hours during the day as you can steal. When you want to look your very best for a company or entertainment take a hot bath and go to bed and sleep for an hour. If on presentation Lohengrin does not tempt on your charming appearance it will be because you have outlived his liking. Pretty clothes are wonderfully refining, too.

Miss Geraldine Umar, more charming than ever, is ready in this city. She will shortly sail for Paris, where her new play is to be produced.

This pathetic little letter, addressed "To My Dear Mama in Heaven," was found at the Cincinnati Post-Office:

DEAR MAMA: I am so lonesome since you went to heaven. I want to go to you. The time seems so long. You said I could not go, but I am so lonesome. I want to go to you. I want to go to you. I want to go to you.

Some elegant round hats laden with ostrich plumes have just made their appearance among importers of Parisian millinery. Hats thus trimmed have been worn at some fashionable weddings.

Black nainsooks, plain and barred, and all thin black materials, have now hosts of adopters. Black embroidered lawns and Swisses are come, we hear, and black with rainbow side borders.

A London review makes the following report of a very sweet and simple charity: On Thursday, July 19, the Cornish Cadogan again showed the interest she is taking in the Children's Happy Evening Association, by opening a series of "happy evenings" in a penny Bazaar school in Kensington. Lady Cadogan, in a charming little speech, told the children what a pleasant sight it was to see them all so happy, and what a pleasure it was to be present at their first "happy evening."

A vote of thanks, pronounced by Mr. Amesbury, and seconded by Mr. C. A. Whitmore, M. P., called forth hearty cheers from the children. Lady Cadogan, Mr. Holby, M. L. S. R., in announcing the kind gift of cherries and lilies sent by Mrs. Hoffmann, spoke most favorably of the movement. Games were started, and, being a fine night, the "evening" was held in the open playground, where the boys got up an impromptu football match, and the girls started off their pretty singing games, in which Lady Cadogan heartily joined, to the great delight of the youngsters. Among other things helped to play with the children were Mrs. Amesbury-Owen, Mr. Hatter, Rev. G. Lawson, Miss Abraham, the Misses Martin, Miss A. Edwards, Miss Young, Miss Aida and Miss Edith Heather-Bigg (Hon. Sec.), H. E. A.

Beautiful white toilets for Summer receptions and dinners are made of the finest and richest of China and India silk, scattered over with tiny white silk buds, leaves or rose sprays.

As many as three and five rows of tiny buttons are seen on bodices, and they are also plentifully on cuffs, collars and coats. These coat-decorations, which are the thing for all Fall suits.

Queen Victoria's dinner hour is not until 9 in the evening. At about 11 she retires to her private apartments.

Silver level boxes are distinctly the fashion. The prettiest have Grecian and Watteau figures in low relief, with etched back designs. They are oblong. Sometimes they are divided, have two covers, and are locked at each end. Glove boxes and handkerchief boxes of silver have hands of reputation, and the object of the box engraved on the top.

The newly married Archduchess Valerie, of Austria, ought to be a proud and happy young matron, with eighty-nine clocks, nineteen high-lows, seventy-seven bracelets, forty-five rings, nine watches, a hundred painted gloves, a lustrous pair of stockings, eighty-seven diamond bars, two emerald and ruby coronets, twelve suits of furniture, several thousand yards of lace, an American organ, seven pianos and a casket of mountains. But these magnificent gifts do not count at all the best time to be appreciated. They find the Archduchess wrapped in the two Indian shawls bestowed upon her by the generous sovereign of the British empire, and oblivious to all the world in her absorption in the same ruler's fascinating materiel. In her interview, the "Journal of Our Life in the Highlands and the Life of the Prince Consort."

Mary de Morgan, who is a staunch friend of the English workingwomen, is making a strong effort to remove the Sunday law and break down the prejudice against domestic amusements. In an article on labor legislation among women in England she writes: "Sunday is a day of great temptation to many of the lower-class factory girls, and more drunkenness prevails then than on any other day. Yet some forms of work, including the sale of goods, are essential to working girls, not only for rest and pleasure, but for work which at other times must be sadly neglected. On Saturday the working girl makes and mends her clothes, and performs all those little duties which constitute so important a feature in other women's lives, but for which little time is left in the life of a factory hand who works from 8 in the morning till 8 at night. Beyond a doubt Sunday might be rendered far more valuable to the poor by the abolition of the laws concerning the observance of the Sabbath. The Puritanical spirit which closes all museums and picture galleries and forbids concerts or entertainments, while it leaves open the cinema, is a real enemy of the poor. Various societies are at work in giving Sunday evenings to the poor, and, by issuing tickets beforehand, evade regulations, all have to be done sub rosa, and in spite of rather than with the sanction of the authorities. But public opinion is growing on the subject, and most probably the law will be changed in a day when refreshment of the mind and spirit as well as of the body will be a possibility.

At present little is possible to working girls on Sunday save walking about the streets in their young men, or joining with them in the rough play which is carried on in the parks.

What are the benefits of MORRIS' THERMOMETER? It is a little box, and is used by all who use it. It is a little box, and is used by all who use it.

PITY THE BABIES.

Help to Alleviate Their Misery During This Hot Spell.

Every Dollar Will Make Some Little One Happy.

Neil Nelson Answers Some Inquiries About the Work.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged.....\$2,951.70
Cincinnati.....1.10
Chicago and Miami.....1.10
Five Little Books.....1.10
George.....1.10
Mrs. W.....1.10
Mrs. M.....1.10
A grateful Mother.....1.10
Care A. Hamilton.....1.10

Gave His Earnings.
To the Editor:
Inclosed please find ten cents, which I made by working for J. W., running messages.
JOE STEVEN, New Rochelle.

George's Collection.
To the Editor:
Inclosed please find \$1, which I have collected among my friends, Martin, 25; Manuma, 10; Katie T., 10; Clara Mitchell, 5; Jimmie, 5; Marie, 5; Johnnie, 5; Clara, 5; Emma, 5; and myself, 5.
GEORGE, aged seven.

A Thanks Offering.
To the Editor:
My own little one was spared me when near death's door. In return I add my mite to others to help the poor sick babies.
A GRATEFUL MOTHER.

Florence and Mabel Agin.
Florence and Mabel Grotelous, of 705 Reid Avenue, Brooklyn, who have sent in several subscriptions this year, again come to the front with \$4.10, collected from the following: Mrs. A. G., 25 cents; Mrs. W. E. K., 25; Miss J. A., 25; Miss M. E. R., 25; Miss C. H. A., 25; Mrs. Conen, 25; C. Miller, 25; Miss Woods, 25; Miss Claire, 25; Little Ernest, 10; Little Freddie, 10; Miss Lord, 25; Cash, 11; Mrs. Barber, Mrs. M., 25; Mrs. B., 25; Mrs. J., 25; Mrs. Jagg, 25; Mrs. Bischof, 25; Mrs. Hurst, 25.

LONG BRANCH ENTHUSED.

To-Morrow Evening's Entertainment Already an Assured Success.

Everything indicates that the entertainment at the West End, Long Branch, to-morrow evening, in aid of THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Babies' Fund, will be an unequalled success, artistically, socially and financially. The committee of ladies, at whose head is the stately and charming Mrs. A. J. Dittenbefer, Mrs. Dr. S. Baruch and Mrs. Gershenheim, have placed a very large number of tickets, and the auditorium is certain to be filled with a brilliant and appreciative audience.

The West End Amusement Hall, by the kindness of Landlord Meredith, will be the scene of the entertainment. The programme of the affairs at Avenue, Tackapona-sha and Katerskill have been enlarged and varied, and assures a treat to its spectators and auditors.

Miss Marguerite St. John, as in the other entertainments, will be the central figure. She will appear as Belle Huntington in the bright comedy, "Man Proposes," with Miss Helen Morat as Dinah and Walter J. Brooks as Capt. Huntington. Miss St. John will also appear as Kate Hardcastle in a scene from "She Stoops to Conquer," with George M. Wood as Charles Marlow.

Recitations of rare interest will be given by the deservedly popular Miss Emily Rayner, and songs by Miss Jessie Olliver Feeley. There will be other recitations by Mr. A. C. Feeley and illustrations of "Peculiar People" by Thomas J. Rayner.

Little Dot Clarendon will, of course, win all the hearts that she has not already a full title to.

Mr. H. N. Baruch, who has just signed a two-year contract with Manager Field of the Boston Museum, will, by request, recite "The Maniac."

In the east of "The Rough Diamond," Mr. George M. Wood will play Sir William Evergreen, Cousin Joe will be played by Mr. Fred C. Brooks; Capt. Blenheim and Lady Patti will be represented by Walter Granville and charming Mrs. Granville.

Among guests and cottagers at the West End who have taken active part in promoting this entertainment in behalf of the suffering babies of the poor are Mr. John Bow, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, Editor George W. Childs; the famous starter of Monmouth Park, Mr. Caldwell; Jacob Bernheimer, Jacob Seligman, Brewster Beaulieu and very many others.

Two winsome lads, Masters Harry and Philip Mueller, have distinguished themselves by their zeal and success in disposing of tickets.

"SICK BABIES OF NEW YORK."

Neil Nelson Tells an Inquirer All About the Fund.

A little Brooklyn woman who signs herself "Emma S., a Willing Worker," sends the following note:

Please let me know something about these Sick Babies of New York, where the infants are, what the money goes for, and whether a Protestant or Catholic institution.

An collecting money for the babies' fund would not like to send the money without knowing where it goes and for what purpose.

DEAR SMALL EMMA:
These sick babies of New York are not in an "institution." If they were they would be cared for.

They are helpless inmates of crowded tenement-houses, little garrets and damp cellars. They are confined in close kitchens, where the atmosphere is heavy with tobacco fumes, sewer gas, cooking smells and the steam from washbouts and clothes-boilers. They are in dark bed-rooms, where the cleansing influence of fresh air and sunlight never penetrates. They are in broken cribs, in small wooden boxes, in fire-escapes, and sometimes they are left on a pallet of rags in one corner of the room, exposed to the dust and

draughts that are so conducive to throats and lung troubles.

They are in misery, in distress, in danger, and often they are in little shrouds awaiting burial.

Their sufferings are manifold; their diseases hereditary; their diseases preventable.

Some have distorted little limbs; some eyes are crossed; some of the small bones need to be broken and straightened; some of the tender heads are sore and malformations are numerous; some are actually starving for food; many are unkempt and all are sick—so very, very sick that you could not look at the pale little faces without a throb of pain.

These are "the babies of New York" who have the sympathy of THE EVENING WORLD and the world at large.

It is for their welfare the Free Physicians are working, and for their relief your bounty is solicited. We ask you to help feed, clothe and cure them.

The subject of religion cuts no figure in the work at all.

Few babies are church-goers. Pain has no creed, no sex, no nationality. The child of a Protestant woman does not suffer any the less with cholera infantum than a tiny infidel, and the diagnosis of a case of cholera and infantum measles would entail the same amount of suffering and require the same sort of treatment.

No, dear investigator, the religious wars were fought long ago. The old order has been changed and even zealots begin saving souls by redempting the body from the evils of ignorance, neglect and poverty.

It is enough for the free physician to know that the child is sick.

He may be bolstered up with the Thirty-nine Articles and the Book of Common Prayer; he may be surrounded by images and emblems, he may be destined for one of a dozen of the established religious, but all that makes him have a claim on the doctor is the disease that threatens his innocent life.

By "institution" you doubtless have reference either to the Corps of Free Physicians or the Sick Babies' Fund.

The corps is composed of a body of medical men, each true, steady, able, earnest, sound of head and tender of heart, who go from house to house in sun and storm and ask at every door, "How is the baby?"

These men carry visiting books in which the name, address and disease of the wee sufferer is recorded. They bring intelligence and experience to their work; they bring sympathy, too, in large doses, and not only diagnose the case, but prescribe for it, provide medicine, food, clothing and often money for immediate needs.

They give dense mothers oral instruction in nursing, practical hygiene and economy; they frequently wash a little unfortunate and, in emergency cases, find clothing and swaddle the mite of humanity.

They distribute health tracts, give letters of introduction to specialists for skilled treatment and fill out hundreds of cards of admission to sanitariums and seaside hospitals.

They do a great many very sweet things for the comfort of the babies and the convenience of the parents that are never told or talked about.

Dr. McKew has personally canvassed a neighborhood for provisions to keep alive families that were actually in distress.

Dr. Mary Harriack has gone to corner stores and bought milk and cereals for sick babies and then prepared with her own hands the nourishing food that saved the little ones.

Dr. Hallwood has taken money from his private purse for the purchase of opiates to soothe the nerves of an agonized mother, and Dr. Mason has carried bread and meats to miserable homes, and after his duties are done, he has taken time not only to give for an extension of time but to make payment on the bills so long due.

Dr. Vaughn's work is in "Little Italy," and not a few descendants of Columbus owe him for medicine, their cases being too urgent for delay in sending to the free dispensaries.

Dr. Freeman has not only fed the hungry, clothed the naked and healed the sick, but he has thwarted eviction and gone security for back rent.

Dr. Henderson rescued a baby from imminent danger, and has given very many people their first lesson in decency.

One of Dr. Bauer's patients, a little German girl, is suffering from a tumor that is gradually consuming her vitality. This case is distressingly sad because hopeless.

Every few days the tender-hearted doctor calls to see the poor child to tell her a new story and make her guess "what he has brought her." To increase the mystery in his coat-pocket; the little one is allowed "to feel with one hand and have three guesses in the bargain."

Disease has weakened the vigor of her mind and she never guesses right, but the new toy is always so pretty and bright that the very sight of it makes her say, "Oh, oh, I love you so, dear doctor."

Dr. Gillespie is continually making the Cherry Hill women cry. He rummages the Babies' Bureau for novelties, selects the prettiest garment available, arranges them in suits, and carries them down to the needy children.

The tots crow with delight and make mischievous attacks on his whiskers, and when the poor mothers begin to thank him and the tears choke the words back he declares the gift to be a special favor from an EVENING WORLD reader and runs away.

Now, dear Emma S., this is "where the money goes."

It pays the salary of the corps; it pays for sweet milk, medicine, fresh meat and the necessary materials for infants' food; it pays for an occasional piece of fur, a market for a destitute family, a railroad fare or a pair of shoes to enable the mother to take the dying baby from the city.

To lessen the death rate; to heal the sick; to help the helpless; to make health conditions; to stamp out disease; to relieve suffering is the purpose of THE EVENING WORLD'S corps of Free Physicians and the Sick Babies' Fund to which you are asked to contribute.

Let me hope that your efforts to help the poor and needy will be crowned with the jewels of success, and that you may be enrolled among the life-savers. Earnestly,
NEIL NELSON.

HIS SEVEN DAYS OF TERROR.

Adrift on the Ocean With a Corpse in the Boat.

Followed by Fierocious Black Sharks Waiting for Their Prey.

A remarkable story of the sea comes from St. Malo, the narrator being an ancient mariner named Bauche, whose painful experience in a small boat on the ocean, as related in the London *Telegraph*, ought to be a warrant for the truth of his tale.

Bauche had signed articles with the captain of a vessel called the Mathilde, in which he sailed to Martinique.

While in the harbor of St. Pierre in a boat with the cabin boy one day he was driven seaward by a gale of wind, and was knocking about for a week on the waves before he was rescued by a Norwegian bark.

After the first night at sea Bauche says that the cabin boy became partly delirious. Water was filling the boat every instant, and in order to prevent the dying lad from drowning in it the old sailor made sails of the legs of his pantaloons and was thus enabled to keep the bottom of the little craft tolerably dry. He had also to deprive himself of his shirt, which he utilized as a dog of distress.

On the third day the cabin boy died, and hardly was the breath out of his body before seven or eight ferocious black sharks began to circle round the boat, which they sometimes almost touched. Rather than deliver up the dead body to the monsters of the deep Bauche kept it until it became decomposed.

Being afraid of illness he at length threw it overboard, after having said his prayers, and began to pray was speedily seized by the sharks, which disappeared with it, and did not show up again for about twenty-four hours or so.

Bauche now felt so utterly miserable that he was thinking of throwing himself overboard when he was disengaged from his intention by the appearance of the sharks, which, after eying him ravenously for some time, actually began to gambol before him as if in anticipation of a meal.

"I did not want to be eaten alive," remarked Bauche, in his narrative of his perilous adventures, "so I remained where I was and swam assistance." On the seventh day the sailor lost consciousness, fell down in the boat and was rescued in an exhausted condition by Capt. Pederson, of the *Wladimir*.

In his month the Norwegian sailors found what they first thought was an old wreck, which proved to be the part of the horn handle of his knife, which Bauche was crumpling to stave off hunger when he became unconscious.

The rescued sailor, after having been taken to New Orleans, obtained a passage home to St. Malo.

Only the other day he went down to the port to meet his old shipmates of the Mathilde, who had been wrecked off the coast of Newfoundland, whether they had been rescued or not, since Bauche disappeared at Martinique.

The crew of the Mathilde had been rescued of the banks of Labrador by an English vessel, and had been taken long given up Bauche and the cabin boy as lost in mid-ocean, and great was their surprise when they beheld the former in the Mathilde, and the latter as if he had never been without food on the deep for full seven days in an open boat and in perilous proximity to the teeth of the tigers of the ocean.

Work of St. John's Guild.
That the good work of St. John's Guild is appreciated is shown by the contributions to the fund. During the past week the amount received was \$1,011, bringing the grand total up to \$87,750.07. The ninth trip of the floating hospital was paid for by the St. John's Guild. The hospital is now full, but more will be made for others early next week. The St. John's Guild has received additional contributions to the fund's life-saving work are greatly needed.

SPOTLETS.

"What a benign face!" she said, looking at a family portrait. "Yes, a seven by nine face."

The Latin "Salve" is a good English salve to the weary wayfarer. "Welcome" is soothing in any tongue.

"I feel doubly insured in your company," said the young man facetiously to the insurance agent.

We have our opinion of the man who will put the peach crop in the Autumn for the sake of getting off a joke on the fall. It was an exchange that did it.

You brave rats of Alaska! Encourage your comrades upon your backs. Please keep your cutters right-side up. When a frigate's at your heels—Buck.

The way to spell Barondessa's name seems doubtful. But the spell of Barondessa on the clockmakers is not doubtful.

The bun who got a head the other night showed a sad falling off, nevertheless.

As a tort is being made to build the cucumber a health-protector, it will cucumber the ground more than ever.

The literary tramp should be barred from the totins in the parks by a sign that says: "Not to be eaten."

The merry men who used to board vessels and have made new Summer boarders. Not very wise men.

Worldlings.
For twelve years after the war George E. Ingersoll was one of America's Senators. To-day his name is rarely mentioned. He is now a citizen of Nevada and is said to be making money there in business.

Mrs. Phil Kearny's granddaughter, Miss Bernice Kearny, is one of the belles of Cape May this season. She is an attractive blonde of eighteen, whose manners are charming. She speaks English fluently, but with a marked French accent.

A Detroit statistician says that a million silver dollars piled one upon the other would make a silver column two miles high.

One of the most ingenious frauds in food is that of adulterating powdered cinnamon by grinding up old cigar boxes and mixing the powdered wood with the spice.

Mrs. Burke-Rocher, who is still one of the prettiest matrons in New York, is slender and delicate in form and feature. She has soft, light blue eyes, light hair and a clear pale complexion. Her figure is slender, but gracefully rounded. She has three children, a girl of six and two boys of four years.

He Wan's Superstitions.
(From Harper's Bazar.)
Teacher (in grammar school)—Your lesson to-day is on nouns. Nouns are the names of things.
Sam: Boy—is a noun?
Teacher—Yes.
Sam: How can it be? They ain't no such thing as a noun.

Park Commissioner Waldo Hutchins—The Air Garden cannot affect the quality of the water in the reservoir. It would make the reservoir at Forty-second street a beautiful place of resort.

A CHANCE FOR THE JOKERS.

THE EVENING WORLD will give a gold eagle to the person sending in the best joke for the accompanying illustration. No contributions received after noon Saturday. Address JOKE EDITOR.



HE "SLID FOR SAFETY."

Courage Doesn't Always Go with Size—In Detroit.

"You are a coward!"
"And you are a liar!"
"Look out! I'll knock your head off!"
"You can't do it!"
"I'll dare you upstairs!"
"I'll go!"

It was a big man and a little man who were thus passing compliments on Monroe avenue yesterday, says the Detroit Free Press.

It was the big man who dared the little man upstairs in a business block, as well as the little man who dared the big man to go to the top of the building.

Several parties, who were anxious to see "scrap," followed the little man up into a room at the end of a hall. There they expected to see the big man peeling off for the fray, but he wasn't there.

On a nail driven into the window-sill fluttered a pair of pants cloth. On a shelf ten feet below was a dent. In the alley below the shed stood a man. It was the big man. He looked up at the faces in the window, shook his fist, and loudly shouted:

"Oh, just let me get hold of you and I'll crush every bone in your body!"

TRAMPS KNOW HUMAN NATURE.

Sure Sign of a House Where There Are No "Hand-Outs."

A tramp who was rubbing a Woodward avenue lamp-post the other day, says the Chicago Tribune, struck a pedestrian for a dime, saying he wanted to get a bite to eat.

"Why don't you try that one?" said the tramp to the man who had just been struck. "I've tried all but that one on this block, and the people are either away or down on the period."

"But why didn't you try that one?" said the tramp to the man who had just been struck. "I've tried all but that one on this block, and the people are either away or down on the period."

"I'm no fool, mister. I may not be pretty, but I've got some common sense."

"Well, follow the street-sprinkler and you can't go wrong. When it leaves a dry spot in front of a man's house you just keep away from that man. That's where they tie ropes around the children's bodies just before feeding time."

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship, peculiar bond of heaven, The noblest of all gifts, the noblest of all gifts, the noblest of all gifts.

The poor man who has no friends, who has no friends, who has no friends, who has no friends.

The man who has no friends, who